

THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.

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SUPPLEMENTAL MAGAZINE.

DANCING GIRLS AT THE FAIR.



SPANISH.



TURKISH.

ALL NATIONS ARE REPRESENTED BY GRACEFUL PERFORMERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Up and down the Pike, on either side, people from every corner of the world are doing the dances peculiar to their race at the great World's Fair. There is more warbling than dancing in the Tyrolean Alps, but down the Pike a bit is the Irish Village, and in the theater, which is a reproduction of old Biarney Castle, you can see the sons and daughters of Erin trip the light fantastic in the same manner that they step it on the green of Erin. Elizabeth Foley, who is acknowledged to be one of the handsomest women at the Fair, is probably the most characteristic of the Irish dancers. It is a heel-and-toe dance that Miss Foley gives, and in it is combined all the grace of the Irish jig artist. Across the Pike, in the haunts of the quaint and curious folk from the mysterious sections of Asia, the Fair patron sees a series of dances that are as different from the Irish jig as day is from night. The famous Nautch dance is shown on the stage of the Asia theater, and a thrilling number it is. The sword dance of the people of Hindostan is weird in every feature. In Scotland the lads and lassies place two swords on the floor and dance over them. In Hindostan they hold crosswise the swords in their hands, and as they fence they dance, and dance over them. The performers are deft manipulators of the sword and they never strike each other. In the little Egyptian thea-



ter pretty girls from Cairo and other cities of that land show remarkable gyrations for the benefit of those who like the odd performances of the Oriental girls. On the other side of the Pike the girls of Constantinople are seen in dances that are similar. Not far from Constantinople is the Russian theater, where a troupe of artists from the Imperial Theater at Moscow show the way the pas-ma-la is given in Russia. And a remarkably fine athletic number this Russian dance is. The Russian men and women seem to fly in the air at times. They walk on their heels, keeping time to the music. The Parisian heel-and-toe dance is to be seen in another theater. The girls wear stunning and gorgeous costumes. Down in the Streets of Seville, in the reproduction of the theater of Old Madrid, the clapping of the castanets accompanies the music of the Spanish serenade. If you have ever read of the snake dance, or have ever seen it, you will recognize the realistic performance given by the Old Dwellers. If you like the melodies and buck-and-wing dances of the South, go to the Old Plantation. Here the little negroes and the big negroes clip it off just as they did in the olden days, and there is no mistaking the dance—it is a breakdown, according to the old rules of slave etiquette.